



Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 17. No. 6. August, 1944.



TATTERSALL'S CLUB (SYDNEY)

SEPTEMBER MEETING

(RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16th, 1944

PROGRAMME.

THE NOVICE HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 14th September, 1944; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. For horses five-years-old and under which have never at time of starting won a flat race (Maiden Races excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £50. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st.

SIX FURLONGS.

THE TRAMWAY HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 14th September, 1944; with £800 added. Second horse £160, and third horse £80 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st.

SEVEN FURLONGS.

THE THREE-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 14th September, 1944; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. For three-year-olds. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st.

SEVEN FURLONGS.

THE CHELMSFORD STAKES.

(Weight-for-age, with Penalties and Allowances, for horses three-years-old and upwards).

A Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to

the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 14th September, 1944; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200 and third horse £100 from the prize. Horses that have won a weight-for-age or special weight race exceeding £500 in value to the winner to carry 7lb. extra. Horses not having, at time of starting, won a handicap exceeding £300 in value to the winner allowed: three years, 7lb.; four years and upwards, 14lb.; maiden three-year-olds, 10lb.; maiden four-year-olds and upwards, 20lb. Winners of weight-for-age or special weight races (except special weight two-year-old races not exceeding £300 in value to the winner) not entitled to any allowance. Owners and trainers must declare penalties incurred and claim allowances due at date when making entries. ONE MILE AND A FURLONG.

THE SPRING HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 14th September, 1944; with £800 added. Second horse £160, and third horse £80 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st.

ONE MILE AND THREE FURLONGS.

THE WELTER HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 14th September, 1944; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. 7lb.

ONE MILE.

CONDITIONS

Entries for the above races shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

ENTRIES for the above races are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, before 4 p.m. on Monday, September 4th, 1944.

WEIGHTS to be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 11th September, 1944.

ACCEPTANCES for all races are due before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 14th September, 1944, with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, only.

PENALTIES.—In all flat races (The Chelmsford Stakes excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such a race without a division, except that provision may be made for three Emergency Acceptors to replace horses scratched or withdrawn from the original acceptance.

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

The nomination fees for horses rejected to be refunded as provided in A.J.C. Rule 50 of Racing.

Horses engaged in more than one race on the same day (weight-for-age races excepted) when one or the other of the races are affected by the condition of elimination, a horse shall be permitted to accept only for one race. Without a declaration by acceptance time as to the race preferred, a horse shall be considered as an acceptor in the first race engaged on the advertised programme.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distances advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above Races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amounts of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the Meeting should the necessity arise.

T. T. MANNING,
Secretary.

157 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY.

ENTRIES CLOSE AT 4 P.M. MONDAY, 4th SEPTEMBER, 1944



Established 14th May,
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Secretary :

T. T. MANNING

THE immediate problem for the Allies will not be what to do with the Hitlerites after they have been defeated and disarmed, all of them humbled, and some of them hanged. That problem will resolve itself.

The Allies will be busied with a plan to save from Nazism and for the world of the future German children as yet unpolluted. For the Allies have a moral obligation to reclaim humanity, an obligation as great as is their commitment to rebuild the ruined habitations.

If the world is to be spared another holocaust, not only must the younger generation of Germans be saved from the contagion of Nazism, they must be given a new outlook through a new education. In that syllabus we should say that sport should be accorded one of the higher priorities.

No nation of sportsmen, like the British and the Americans, want to conquer and oppress other peoples. All the fighting they want to do, as between themselves, is at the end of a pair of boxing gloves, a golf stick or a tennis racquet.

The nation that never plays games—except, as the Germans did, as a means of toughening for war—can never observe the rules of the game in dealing with other nations. They may, by intensive training and inordinate zeal, learn how to win at Olympia, as the Japs also did, but they can never learn how to lose. They play at sport, but not for the sport's sake. They never can understand how the Battle of Waterloo was won on the cricket fields of Eton. And they never will learn until they are taken and taught.

Diplomats have their uses, but of equal importance in the regeneration of the German race is that Britain and America regularly send across football, cricket and baseball teams, golfers, tennisers and polo players to show that those were the sports, along with well-conducted racing, from which the democracies derived their strength and the will to win.

When England meets Germany and Australia in triangular tests at cricket and football, and the Berlin Tigers meet the New York Cardinals at baseball, in Germany, then the shouting Hitlers of that day will mean no more, probably less, than our harmless Yabba of yesteryear.

The Club Man's Diary

AUGUST BIRTHDAYS: 1st, S. J. Fox; 7th, A. T. Selman; 8th, Greg. Keighery; 9th, F. Lubrano; 14th, E. K. White and Samuel Biber; 18th, Prof. J. D. Stewart; 19th, A. F. Gay; 20th, H. H. McIntosh; 25th, Hon. A. Mair; 26th, P. H. Goldstein; 30th, E. Hunter Bowman; 31st, F./O. E. L. Sodersteen.

* * *

Three months ago Asst. Superintendent Doreen Langley—daughter of Arthur Langley—left Sydney to take up duty for the Red Cross in Colombo. In a letter home she wrote that she had settled down nicely to hospital and clerical work as well as driving. She was the first woman to drive a car for the Red Cross in Colombo. Her brother, Jack, is with the R.A.A.F. in New Guinea.

* * *

"The Mountains of Morn," of the haunting words and music, expressing the yearnings of an exile from Erin in London town, is a song for singers. That is to say, it should be sung well, or not at all. Yet it is being strangled on the radio almost any night to make a "popular" session. . . . May heaven forgive these people!

* * *

There is much difference of opinion as to the particular sort of torture that Hitler should suffer after the war. If it's fair dinkum torture the Allied Nations have in mind, I have a suggestion:

Hitler is not married, and never wants to be. He is a total abstainer. Why not, then, let an Oomph Girl loose in his apartments?

* * *

Earnest plea of a West Australian country undertaker-cum-butcher, in a letter to the Fuel Control Board asking for more petrol: "Because there was no doctor in my district, I only had one funeral from June 30, 1940, to June 30, 1941. So I had enough petrol. But now there is a doctor here I average four or five funerals a year. I have never used my vehicle for pleasure, and to save petrol I am cutting out selling mutton in future."

A rhymier in the "New York Times":

*When Tojo extended his limits
He found his position quite grim. It's
Brought home to him now
He has failed to allow
For MacArthur and Admiral Nimitz.*

* * *

An American woman, by name Iphigene Bettman, was chosen to visit Britain on a goodwill mission, same as a Melbournian might call in on Sydney. No naturalisation papers demanded. Well, Iphigene didn't only talk; she observed.

"The British," she told her own people on returning, "lay great stress on manners, and teach them to the infant in his pram. Children sit quietly in the railway carriages. You will hear a baby of two thank a contemporary for a sweetie. So it genuinely shocks the British if you get into an elevator and say 'fourth' rather than 'Fourth, please.' You do not yell, 'Hey, taxi.' You signal and, if he stops, you say, 'I beg your pardon, are you free?' If Britain ever declares war on the United States I am sure it will be due to our uncouth approach to the taxi driver."

* * *

The opinion that the Allies of to-day will remain the Allies of to-morrow is contested by an English wit: *England! Let God arise and strike our foes,
The arm of the Almighty let us borrow,
But enemies of God to-day, God knows
May be our co-belligerents to-morrow.*

* * *

"The Sun" told of a day in the life of Private Leonard Brodie, and the day happened to have been April 1. He rode in a steeplechase at Victoria Park (Adelaide) when A.W.L. and was fined a tenner. The military found out because his horse fell and he was taken to hospital.

* * *

An order by the U.S. Postmaster-General revoking the second-class mailing privileges of Esquire magazine will cost the publishers an extra £130,000 a year in mailing charges. Sounds like the Last Post.

Lord Coke, who will accompany the Duke of Gloucester to Australia, pronounces his name Cook.

He will find both commodities scarce out here.

Probably it was an ancestor whose chief fear in life was that he would be given a title. Once when he had incurred the displeasure of George IV. that worthy shouted: "If he ever comes into my presence, by heavens, I'll knight him!"

* * *

Commonsense comment by "S.M. Herald":

The cheap laughs fetched by the overworked "bloody" is still proof of the deplorable small-mindedness of the actors who think they are being accepted as "too scintillatingly shocking," and of the small-mindedness of sections of the audiences who think the Word contains all the fabulous daring of the illusory smart-set to which they like to think they belong. Good theatre can never thrive upon such childish attitudes.

* * *

In our luncheon hour conversations, rather than discussions, E. A. Nettlefold and I had talked a little of war (but only a little), of politico-economics (but not to bore), of sport (chiefly Rugby Union football), occasionally of books, but not of the theatre until I noticed his name printed as chairman of directors of Minerva Centre Ltd.

Even then I had suspected his interest of being strictly commercial; but this proved not to be so entirely. My friend had gravitated to the venture primarily because of his love of the theatre, meaning the legitimate stage, the love of a lifetime. "It provides me with a distraction, too," he explained.

I was not surprised, therefore, to read later of his being chairman of directors of a company which acquired Tivoli Circuit Pty. Ltd., an Australia-wide enterprise. "I'll get a kick out of it," he told me, speaking for himself; but, as chairman of directors, he will bring to its direction and administration the skill and the zest which have scored for him signal successes in other enterprises.

I overheard a discussion as to the meaning of this heading in an evening newspaper: "Admiral Killed Who Hit Pearl Harbour." One in the group wanted to know "who" the Admiral had killed. Was it the person "who hit Pearl Harbour"? Another suggested that "Admiral Killed" was one sentence, and "Who Hit Pearl Harbour?" another.

The construction of the heading was clumsy, but those on the outside are not aware of the typographical difficulties besetting those on the inside, the heading writers. This two-column heading carried in the first line the words "Admiral Killed Who" and the words "Hit Pearl Harbour" in the turnover (or second) line. Different shapes and sizes (fonts) of type allow of so many letters—and no more—being fitted into one column, two columns, and so on.

In the make-up (display) of a page in a newspaper, balance and effect are achieved by varying the type and the length of the articles, as well as the size of the headings, not forgetting the placing of the pictures. For, say, a two-column heading marked to carry a certain type you may think of attractive lines; but the darn things won't fit. You try a similar type, and again it won't do; the top line may be one letter too many, or the turnover line too short. So you must "think up" (and quickly) another heading that will not be too long or too short and express the same thought or something similar.

The practised heading writer comes to know the range of his type, but occasionally he gets up against it and turns out a heading such as that under discussion.

Headings look a simple job as you read them—but have a go at writing them against time! I know.

The heading writers of the Australian Press can hold their own with their overseas brethren. A big claim to make, but true.

* * *

An evening newspaper informed us:

Himmler, Chief of the Secret Police and of all police and security forces in Germany, has been responsible for saving the dictatorship. That's the word—"dictatorship."

KEEPIN' HENS

*When women's lips, so rosy yet,
But symbolise a vain regret;
When one unmoved remains to
charms,
Bewitching eyes, and those dear
arms
Entwining have no magic left—
For hearts are husks of love bereft;
When life's seen through a darkling
lens,
A fellow takes to keepin' hens.*

*The ardent cooing of the dove—
Such things symbolical of love,
Have lost their lure of yore, and so
There's consolation in the crow
And cackle of the lime-washed pens—
A fellow's happy keepin' hens.*

*I often thought without a wife
To fondle only, lonely life
Would be in after years for me . . .
Though hearts are trumps and
women be
Like fairies in the dells and glens—
A fellow's happy keepin' hens.*

* * *

From an American newspaper:

The American correspondents in London keep this country pretty well informed by cable of what is said in parliament, but occasionally they overlook a bet. Thus, it was only by reading the parliamentary report in the London New Statesman and Nation that we learned of Ian Fraser's proposal. He rose to suggest that the telegraphic code book used in communicating with British soldiers overseas contain a word meaning, "I am going to have a baby." Capt. Cobb said he thought this was a pretty good idea, but he felt there should be another code word to convey the message, "I am not going to have a baby."

* * *

In a private home recently one of the younger generation sought my opinion of the crooner, Sinatra. I told her: "You are too young to be told—besides there are ladies present." She gave me a round-eyed look of wonderment, then said: "And they told me you were musical!"

We regret to record the following deaths: Mr. Stirling Henry, 19/7/44 (member since 18/3/35); Mr. Andrew G. Madden, 23/7/44 (member since 9/1/1905); Dr. Percival C. Holden Homer, 23/7/44 (member since 31/10/32); Mr. Frank Beazley, 24/7/44 (member since 11/4/27).

* * *

Under the title, "Fear Pilots Will Follow Through," Hector Morrison wrote in the "Daily Telegraph":—

Cutting Concord Golf Club's fairways has developed into a war job for A. J. Mollineaux, the club's head greenkeeper.

As he trundles the tractor-drawn mower along the fairway, Mosquito and Spitfire pilots pretend the vehicle is a tank and practise low-level strafing dives on it.

Mollineaux was rejected for both the Army and the C.C.C. because of blood pressure.

"Those boys certainly send my blood pressure zooming up," he said.

"The trouble is they know how good they are—but I don't.

"I was so scared watching the first one that came at me that I charged straight into a bunker.

"It took me the rest of the morning to extricate the machine.

* * *

Bradman's tribute to the late Hedley Verity, in the 1944 "Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack," as "one of the greatest, if not the greatest, left hand bowlers of all time," may be challenged factually, but as an expression of Don's opinion (based on experience) the tribute cannot be faulted.

Bradman was seldom happy against fast bowling, but he played medium with confidence, and the "slows" were slogged while the bowlers had the heart to remain. The exception was Verity. Over after over he forced Bradman to play him; that is, he slowed down the rate of Bradman's scoring. Don seemed to lack the confidence of leaving his crease and "having a go" at Verity's deliveries, although that was how he treated all other slow bowlers.

(Continued on Page 4.)

The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

One of America's classics is the Kentucky Derby. The owner who missed it by half-a-head has been a visitor to the club in recent times. He is Capt. Chaffee Earl. It was in 1929 that his colt, Naishapur, by Omar Khayaam—Scamble, was second to Clyde Van Dusen.

Among other first-class performers owned by Capt. Earl was Jim Dandy (Jim Gaffney—Thunderbird) who was the only horse to defeat the great Gallant Fox as a three-year-old. Gallant Fox's victories included the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, and the Belmont Stakes, all important races. Gallant Fox went under to Jim Dandy by 10 lengths but, Capt. Earl mentioned, the day was very wet.

* * *

The first bowling club in Sydney was formed in 1876, and had its green in the Domain, near the Governor's stables, now the Conservatorium of Music. The late John

Young, first president of the N.S.W. Bowling Association, wrote of the first green: "A high fence was erected on four sides of the green to prevent cattle injuring it, and to exclude the public."

Incidentally, one of our club members, H. R. Hamilton, has been nominated for the presidential office of the N.S.W. Bowling Association this year. He qualified for the final in the recent metropolitan championship, but had to strike his colours to a champion of many seasons, the redoubtable Gordon Sargent.

* * *

Bill Gilson cables from outside Australia greetings to all club members.

* * *

The times have changed since Gerald Marr Thompson was music and drama critic of the "S.M. Herald"—and so has that newspaper. Reading Neville Cardus to-day, his quips

crackling amid serious, but never sombre, critiques, recall a night when Thompson let his hair down.

He had been handed a cable to elaborate. This concerned the fortunes of a Grand Opera company. Its season in South America had been abandoned when a fire at Colon burned out the theatre as well as the company's wardrobe.

Thompson wrote the story of the principals, the repertoire; then, in a playful moment, added how unfortunate for the company that Colon had meant a full stop.

Next morning the music and drama critic was called into the presence of one of the directors, a member of the Fairfax family. "My dear Thompson," he said, "please, please do not joke in the columns of the 'Herald'."

Reviewing a performance of "Faust" recently, Neville Cardus wrote (inter alia) of Harold Williams: "In 'make up' his face at times strikingly resembled that of Mr. Montagu Norman, especially when he sang 'The Calf of Gold'."

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THE FLEET AIR ARM

The handling of aircraft from a carrier at sea provides one of the prettiest pieces of timing and co-ordination to be found in any branch of any service. When you see it from another ship sailing in company with the carrier it looks simple enough. A few signals are exchanged between the carrier and her escorts, then she drops out of her position in the line of warships, turns her nose into the wind, there is the roar of low-flying aircraft and, within an amazingly short time, the job is done, a flight has taken off, another, returning from a tour of duty, has landed on, and the carrier is back in her old place once more.

Yes, seen that way it looks easy enough. But behind that apparently effortless manoeuvre there is a perfection of technique, organisation and co-operation which has taken months of intensive training to achieve.

Until they are needed for flight, the carrier's planes are "parked" in a vast hangar below the great flight-deck. With wings folded back, they have been under the care of the "ground crews," whose responsibility it is to service them, keep their engines in perfect running order, their weapons tuned up, their bomb and torpedo release gear working faultlessly.

Suddenly an order is "piped" throughout the ship—the order to range aircraft. Plane after plane is wheeled to the lift communicating between the hangar and the flight-deck above. Within a few seconds the first plane has gone up to the deck and a party of seamen specially detailed for the job is pushing it into its position.

Meanwhile, on the "island," which in a carrier replaces the normal bridge structure of a warship, two men are waiting for word from the deck that all is ready. They are the Commander (Flying) and the Captain of the Carrier. The latter is on the compass platform, ready to give the command that will set the carrier

turning into the wind so that the planes as they rush down the deck shall move right into the eye of the breeze.

By now all is in readiness. The Deck Officer reports to the Commander (Flying). The Captain gives the order to start turning. From the bows of the carrier there issues a thin jet of steam, flowing aft at an angle between that of the ship's course and the direction of the wind. Gradually the line of the steam creeps nearer to the centre line of the flight-deck. The Deck Officer, signalling with a pair of coloured flags, directs the first plane into position for its take-off. The eyes of the Commander (Flying) are now on the steam jet. The moment it is flowing aft dead down the centre of the flight-deck he knows that the carrier's course is true into the wind. He signals with a green flag to the deck. The Deck Officer, in his turn, holds up a green flag. The pilot replies with a "thumbs-up" signal to show that he is ready. The green flag drops and the first plane roars along the flight-deck.

But the really tense moment aboard a carrier is when the planes are landing on again. Now, more than at any time, the fate of the planes and the lives of the pilots lie in the hands of one man. The manoeuvre may be carried out perfectly in all other respects, but if the "batsman" is at fault in his judgment there is going to be trouble for men and machines. The "batsman" is the name which the Service gives to the Deck Landing Officer, and he, during the critical moments of landing, becomes the eye and brain of the pilot who is landing on. What the pilot has to do is to follow meticulously and unquestioningly every signal that the "batsman" gives him.

Standing on a special platform on the port side of the flight-deck the "batsman" holds in his hands a pair of discs looking very much like a couple of coloured ping-pong bats—

hence his name. Once again the carrier is turned head to wind. The signal "ready to land" is made to the first plane, which has been waiting about a mile astern of the carrier for this moment. Forward on the flight-deck the "crash barrier" has been run up to prevent the landing plane over-running. Flying very low now the first plane comes in. The "batsman" watches its every move, almost feeling whether it is on its true course and at its right height. If all is going well he extends his bats in line with his shoulders. He is a pilot of long experience himself, and at this moment he can be said to be almost flying the landing plane himself.

Slowly, inch by inch, his arms sink lower. The pilot, with eyes on the bats, obeys by bringing his plane down in unison with the bats' movement. By the time the plane is over the stern of the carrier it will be about a foot from the deck. The "batsman" drops his arms and crosses the bats in front of his body. Instantly the pilot replies by cutting-out his engine. The plane touches down. Below its fuselage there is a hook which catches in one of the "arrester wires" which are stretched across the deck to brake its forward progress. Immediately it is at rest the craft barrier forward is lowered and the plane is wheeled on to the lift, its wings are folded, and it is hurried below to the hangar.

The same procedure is followed for each plane. Any errors in approach are signalled with the bats. A slight turn, for instance, is indicated by one bat being raised above and the other dropped below shoulder level. A wagging of the bats indicates that the pilot should increase his speed. For pilots who, until they took up their specialised carrier-training, relied entirely on their own judgment in landing, this complete, unquestioning reliance on the signals of the bat is perhaps the hardest thing they ever have to learn.—By Martin Chisholm in "The Sphere."

AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB RED CROSS RACE MEETING

TO BE HELD ON RANDWICK RACECOURSE.

Saturday, September 2, 1944

THE THREE-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £9 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 31st August; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. For three-year-olds at time of starting. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. **ONE MILE.**

THE HOBARTVILLE STAKES. (For Three-Year-Olds)

A Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 31st August; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. For three-year-olds at time of starting. Colts and Geldings, 8st. 10lb.; Fillies, 8st. 5lb. **SEVEN FURLONGS.**

THE WARWICK STAKES. (Weight-for-age with Allowances)

A Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 31st August; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. Horses which at time of starting have not won a race of the value to the winner of £750 allowed, 7lb.; of £1,000, allowed 5lb. Maidens at time of starting allowed: Three-year-olds, 10lb.; four-year-olds, 14lb.; five-year-olds and upwards, 21lb. **SEVEN FURLONGS.**

THE CAMPBELLTOWN HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 31st August; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. **SIX FURLONGS.**

THE WARWICK FARM SPRING HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 31st August; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. **ONE MILE AND THREE FURLONGS.**

THE GLENLEE HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £9 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 31st August; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. 7lb. **ONE MILE.**

CONDITIONS

ENTRIES.—The entries for the above races are to be made with the Joint Hon. Secretaries at the A.J.C. Office, Sydney; the Secretaries of the V.R.C., Melbourne; Q.T.C., Brisbane; or N.J.C., Newcastle, before 4 o'clock p.m. on **Monday, 21st August.** The first forfeit of £1 must accompany each entry. If entries are made by telegram the amount of forfeit must also be telegraphed.

WEIGHTS.—Weights to be declared at 10 a.m. on **Monday, 28th August,** or such other time as the Committee may appoint.

ACCEPTANCES.—Acceptances are due at the A.J.C. Office, Sydney only, at 1 p.m. on **Thursday, 31st August.**

Owners of horses not scratched before that time become liable for the balance of the Sweepstakes.

PENALTIES.—In all flat races (the Hobartville Stakes and Warwick Stakes excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower-weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such race without a division, except that provision may be made for three Emergency Acceptors to replace horses scratched or withdrawn from the original acceptance. No race will be divided.

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

The forfeits paid for horses rejected to be refunded as provided in A.J.C. Rule 50 of Racing.

Horses engaged in more than one race on the same day (weight-for-age races excepted) when one or the other of the races are affected by the condition of elimination, a horse shall be permitted to accept only for one race. Without a declaration by acceptance time as to the race preferred, a horse shall be considered as an acceptor in the first race engaged on the advertised programme.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distance advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above Races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amounts of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the Meeting should the necessity arise.

Entries for any of the above races shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

6 Bligh Street, Sydney.

GEO. T. ROWE
T. T. MANNING Joint Hon. Secs.

ENTRIES CLOSE AT 4 P.M. ON MONDAY, 21st AUGUST, 1944.

DERBY COLTS— AND OTHERS

Some day some enterprising club will stage a Free Handicap to rate officially the two-year-olds of each season.

Shannon retired last autumn as the best of the colts, with the fillies Tea Rose and Scaur-fel little his inferior.

They supply the nucleus of the new season's classic fields, and an assessment of their value by such an astute judge as the A.J.C. handicapper, Mr. G. F. Wilson, would be interesting.

Just whether later-comers, mere winter form discoveries in Removal and Good Idea, would measure up to standard is something which remains to be seen.

Majesty missed the important races of the autumn, but showed in the spring and summer that he is a good colt. He has speed and substance. So far Shannon has the speed, if not quite the substance of Majesty, but he might be one of the truly wiry types who go on over distances more capably than their bigger and more imposing rivals.

Both are working along and are in satisfactory condition so far for colts with the Derby as their objective next October.

Tea Rose has the drop on her rivals for condition as a winner on the last day of her two-year-old racing career. She is a fine filly, like Shannon, lacking something of the stature of her main sex rival, Scaur-fel, but a most desirable acquisition to the racing ranks.

Last season Flight set the fashion for the fillies as tough rivals for the best colts, and Tea Rose and Scaur-fel possibly will carry on her good work to some degree.

Victory Lad also is working along again, and while he has not grown to any great degree, he is a compact racehorse and will not be excluded from the top flight. He slumped after his Breeders' Plate win, but any colt with the ability to win a Breeders' Plate is not short of galloping ability.

Bravo's three wins in his first three

races caused an over-valuation by those who did not know the stable ideas. P. Riddle, who prepares both Shannon and Bravo, always rated Shannon superior, and autumn form proved his opinion conclusively. Bravo is still the same neat little race-horse, and has begun to move along in his work.

Silver Flare, one of the most consistent of the two-year-olds of last season, as a gelding is not eligible for the very best three-year-old races. He has come back to work, suggesting that he has not wintered over-well.

In addition to Majesty, trainer F. T. Cush has a smart galloper in Gay King, but possibly not an absolute top-liner.

Invictus has some possibilities of developing into a useful three-year-old. He has been patchy, but at times a good finisher. He has the size to carry weight with some comfort.

Possible improvers of the mid-season are Liberality, Melhero, Cold Shower and Landus.

Liberality, a 25 to 1 chance, downed Shannon and Britannic in a division of the Fairfield Handicap at Randwick.

Landus, who has thrived on his early work, also showed some signs of staying, but Melhero might be more a sprinter type.

Coming down to the really late developments, Removal, Good Idea and Swan River, all might be of some account. Removal has size, courage, and ability, and although a Randwick winner, there was no opportunity of assessing his real worth.

Good Idea defeated Removal, but with some luck on his side. He is a staying type, and also has to be well-rated until completely tested.

Swan River is a solid plugging type who has the best winter record of wins. Even if he does not come into the classics, he is a most likely handicapper in the making for races over a distance later in his career.

—H. G. W.

EXPOSING A LIBEL

Something to make you think, contributed to the "Kings Cross Times" by Thurza Aldred:

Apparently the first qualification required to be a "Dinkum Aussie"—in the minds of many people—is to speak incorrect grammar and distorted English!

A story appearing recently in a magazine illustrates this perfectly by portraying average Australian soldiers in London, and allowing the characters to make such remarks as: "Wot d'yer know about that?" "Ow yer goin', Bill?" "Struth, ain't she lov'ly," etc., etc.

There may be "sentimental blokes" and "Ginger Micks" among our population who do speak in this fashion, but there are thousands upon thousands of other Australians who do not!

Authors, artists, journalists and actors should not feature this "Ginger Mick" type so often. It may cause mirth, but it is not good for Australia—in England and abroad—to have them think of us as a nation entirely lacking in culture. And it is a libel on other Australians who are not ashamed to speak the King's English.

No wonder literature, music, the theatre and all creative arts are the "Cinderellas" of Australian national life, when the clods and the louts and all the lower elements who delight in their ignorance are upheld as something that matters.

Cannot we reveal what our thinkers and dreamers and poets are saying, and our scientists are achieving? What our engineers are inventing? What our idealists believe? What our visionaries comprehend? Must we always trample our inherent greatness in the dust to gain cheap laughs and cheap applause?

Australians must forget this childish "dinkum Aussie" complex and grow up! We must tell other countries of the strength and beauty of our art; of the vitality and brilliance of intellect to be found here; we must speak with the true voice of this sunlit Continent—not let "the bloke" usurp our rights and slander the spirit of culture by representing all of us to the same intellectual level.

A RECORD CARNIVAL NIGHT

Club Members Raise £1,664/13/3
for The Anzac House Fund

Carnival Night, staged in the club on July 27, was similar in spirit to the five previous appeals for war charities. It differed only in purpose.

This latest appeal was to aid the fund for the establishment of Anzac House, a club projected for Diggers of this and the previous war.

As previously, the response by members was remarkable. The previous all-time record of £1,500 was pulled down, and a new record of £1,664/13/3 was set up, bringing the grand total to £19,289/13/11.

Members of Tattersall's Club have cause to congratulate themselves. They ran true to form. They upheld the honour of their club as an institution of sportsmen committed to patriotism and the winning of the war.

There will be other appeals in due course, and it is a safe bet that all will evoke similar support.

The war charities previously assisted were: Anzac Buffet, Prisoners of War Fund, St. Andrew's Cathedral Hut, St. Mary's Hut and C.U.S.A., Naval Hut, Women's All-Service Canteen, and the American Center.

Once again the club acknowledges its deep debt of gratitude to the loyal band of helpers.

The Honour Roll of Helpers reads: Mrs. F. Gately, Mrs. A. Codey, Mr. Mark Barnett and members of his staff, Messrs. H. G. Warburton, W. A. McDonald, F. J. Empson, L. P. Hughes, P. Smith, W. S. Crawford, Claude Spencer, W. Lander, K. F. Williams, W. R. Granger, Fred Paul.

"NO BETTING RACES"

Any event reserved by Diggers for aborigines at a northern camp is declared a "no betting race" (writes the "Sun"). The reason is that the aborigines observe their law that the tribal boss must win. If he is not well placed in the field, the other competitors "pull" their horses and let him dash through first past the post. The dusky jockeys ride bare-back and break all A.J.C. rules to let their chief win.

George Caulfield, former Eastern Suburbs Rugby League third grade footballer, a member of the Merchant Navy, now on leave, says the Diggers stage the meetings to raise funds for patriotic purposes.

The horses, lent by station owners, are broken-in brumbies. Soldier jockeys are engaged for the carnival, at the end of which the horses are returned to the station owners.

Ten per cent. of the money on the totalisator, which provides the prize money, is deducted for the prisoners of war appeal. In between races, two-up is played. A rope stretched across the track is used as a barrier, Caulfield says.

Telling the Story of Patriotic Service

STALLS, MARTIN PLACE:

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
The Lord Mayor's Appeal Day, 1/12/1939 . . .	625	6	0			
The Lady Gowrie Red Cross Appeal Day, 15/3/1940	350	3	0			
"Australia Day," 4/10/1940	284	14	8			
"Red Cross Day," 6/12/1940	238	2	8			
Comforts Fund Appeal Day, 23/5/1941	366	13	0			
"V" for Victory Drive, 5/9/1941	349	15	3			
				2,214	14	7

RACE MEETINGS:

"Carrington Stakes Day," 28/12/1941, in aid of The Lord Mayor's Fund	5,216	11	2			
"Carrington Stakes Day," 27/12/1940, in aid of The Lord Mayor's Fund	2,700	9	1			
"Prisoners of War Fund," 23/5/1942	3,802	7	9			
				11,719	8	0

CARNIVAL NIGHTS, CLUB HOUSE:

28th August, 1941	267	9	9			
30th July, 1942	379	12	11			
17th December, 1942	578	12	5			
17th June, 1943, "Red Cross Night"	965	3	0			
16th December, 1943	1,500	0	0			
27th July, 1944	1,664	13	3			
				5,355	11	4
				£19,289	13	11



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BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

An Imposing List of Queries Answered

In the last issue a brief resume was given of many billiards champions of the past—the men mostly responsible for the present high standard of the three-ball game and, by virtue of correct cueing and stance, etc., opened the way for first class expositions of snooker.

One name was omitted, however, and I am thankful to a member for the reminder.

Tom Aiken, who passed away in December last, packed a brilliant array of billiards triumphs into his seventy-one years of life. He won the Scottish championship in his early twenties and was, for many years, regarded as the best Scot exponent ever.

Among many notable performances was a spot-stroke break of 1,118 and a break of 9,000 by the "anchor stroke." He also gave the public a shock in a match against John Roberts in which he received a start of 4,000 in 16,000 up and ran out a winner with his opponent trailing 2,557. His best "legitimate" break was 612—that is, a break built on modern rules with the "push" and "spot-stroke" as well as the "anchor" barred.

A question has been asked whether any professional championship event has been won on a fluke. So far as is known no such happening has occurred and, strange to say, nearly every contest of highest class has been won by a substantial margin. There was one close finish, however, when, in 1871, W. Cook defeated John Roberts, junr., by five points.

During past weeks members have asked many questions regarding billiards and snooker and the replies of most will be found in the following:

It is estimated that the average billiards player walks two miles round the table in one hour of play. This assertion was confirmed by Walter Lindrum a couple of years back when the champion played a "Round the Clock" exhibition at Sydney Town Hall and had a pedometer at-

tached to his ankle. He walked 27 miles in twelve hours' play.

Tom Newman, about whom much was written last month, had his best season in 1930-31, when he compiled thirty breaks of 1,000 and over.

The size of a standard table was agreed on in 1891, and made official by the Billiards Association of England immediately the decision had been reached. It was no haphazard decision, but arrived at by mathematics relative to ballistics and anglethrows of plain-ball strokes devoid of any semblance of "side."

Strange though it may seem, there is no official weight for billiard balls, which can range for $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $5\frac{1}{2}$ ounces each. But each set, of course, must be identical both in size and weight.

Here is an oft repeated poser: Is the "jump shot" barred? Officially it is not, but many clubs and billiard room proprietors make it a "room rule" on account of the danger of tearing the cloth.

The most freakish game ever played was surely that which took place in a lion's cage at the Cardiff Empire (Eng.). Two local amateurs played 25-up. Highest break was eleven and on two occasions the lions tried to upset the table. That match is officially recorded by the Billiards and Control Council (world governing body) and is authentic.

Composition balls replaced the ivory variety in championship events in 1925.

The three most important factors in billiards or snooker are: correct cueing, knowledge of the game, and temperament.

That reminds of the story of two ladies who approached a well known professional for lessons in billiards. "Do you both require instruction?" he asked. "Oh, no," said one; "only my friend. I learned last week!"

The bevel at the butt end of the cue is a relic of the days when it was lawful to play a stroke with the butt. Actually it was used for balls

out of reach and reigned until the "jigger" was brought into being.

There are five slates making up the bed of every full-sized table and the full weight of the whole averages one ton seven hundredweight.

Every beginner is anxious to know how to pick a good cue. There are some main essentials. (1) The cue length should be from the floor to the player's collar stud; (2) it must be perfectly straight; (3) the grain of the wood should run straight from butt to tip—a crooked grain will have serious effect on sighting; (4) it must have good balance and, in the main, should balance evenly on a pencil, laid on a table, say, eighteen inches from the butt end.

The "spot stroke" was barred in 1886 and the "push stroke" in 1898.

That about cleans the slate for the time being. Have members any more queries to be answered?

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During the past couple of weeks a further example of the high standard of cueing in our own club was provided by W. ("Billy") Longworth, who already had the club billiards record to his credit with a run of 335 against Mr. Darcy Eccles some years back. This time, at the multi-ball game, the tally was 63, but the manner of its making was further emphasis on the ability of the man behind the stick. Seeing that the Billiards and Control Council of England (the world governing body) issues certificates of merit for breaks of 32 and over, the true value of the latest Longworth effort can be assessed at true value. Congrats!

~~~~~

Thoughts on marriage by Frances L. Warner: One great thing about marriage is the fun of living two at a time. You get not only your own life's journey, but an extra ticket through another life as well. Also, you get two points of view for your money—like looking at an extra dimension or seeing around a corner.

Getting Back to a Civilised Way of Life

The Outlook for the Connoisseur of Wines and Liqueurs
when Imports begin to Flow in again After the War

(By Charles Graves, in "The Sphere.")

What are we going to drink after the war? In an escapist mood I have been looking through "The Price of Pleasure," a book I wrote in 1934, and came across the following additions to his wine cellar made that year by a connection of mine:—10 dozen Port, Croft 1922, at 74s., £37; 10 dozen Port, Dow 1924, at 72s., £36; 10 dozen Port, Cockburn 1927, at 72s., £36; 10 dozen Port, Graham 1927, at 60s., £30; 10 dozen Port, Fonseca 1927, at 60s., £30; 5 doz. Champagne, Pol Roger 1921, at 156s., £39; 5 dozen Champagne, Moët 1921, at 156s., £39; 5 dozen Champagne, Heidsieck D.M. 1921, at 160s., £40; 5 dozen Champagne, Pommery 1921, at 162s., £40 10s.; 5 dozen Champagne, Perrier-Jouët 1923, at 156s., £39; 5 dozen Champagne, Clicquot 1923, at 154s., £38 10s. 2 dozen Hock, Johannisberger Auslese 1921, at 132s., £13 4s.; 1 dozen Hock, Forster Jesuitengarten, at 138s., £6 18s.; 5 dozen Hock, Liebfraumilch Nibelungen Krone Riesling Auslese 1925, at 120s., £30. 2 dozen Moselle, Graacher Himmelreich Auslese 1925, at 126s., £12 12s.; 3 dozen Moselle, Scharzberger Feine Auslese 1921, at 144s., £21 12s. 2 dozen Brandy, 60 years old Liqueur, at 312s., £31 4s. 4 dozen Burgundy, Pommard, at 54s., £10 16s.; 2 dozen Burgundy, Clos de Tart 1923, at 108s., £10 16s.; 7 dozen Burgundy, Clos de Tart 1928, at 74s., £25 18s. Total, £568.

Those were the good old days. What of the future? Personally I should have thought that one's palate would have been so vitiated by the lower-quality cigarettes and tobacco which we now smoke; by the ersatz vermouths which we now drink; by the cheaper wines (if any) which are all that most of us can afford, that it will take years to learn to appreciate the good things of life once again. Perhaps this is just as well.

I am assured that if Germany surrendered and the German troops left France to-morrow without scorching any earth or doing any more looting, the French could not produce anything but common or garden wines for years.

Actually, at the Fighting French Headquarters, I was told that very little information is available on the subject of wines and spirits in France. It is known, however, that the Germans are proposing to ensure that more wine is made in France this year than ever before, in spite of the scarcity of copper sulphate, fertilisers, American vine graftings, Memel oak casks, glass bottles, and corks. This is done in no spirit of philanthropy. A very large percentage of the wines produced will be turned into industrial alcohol, and the bulk of the rest will be destined for the consumption of German troops and German civilians.

Some optimists hope that the French have hidden vast stores of wines and spirits in secret caches, but realists believe that it would be impossible for these to remain undetected after four years of German occupation. At least, however, the rumour that the Champagne vineyards were being dug up for the planting of potatoes appears to be incorrect. But I imagine that the occupation of North Africa by the British and Americans will have upset many of the wine merchants in Bordeaux who used a certain amount of Algerian wine to blend with their own.

Generally speaking, of course, the question of what we will be able to import from the Continent in the way of wines and liqueurs will depend very largely on how far the Germans devastate the countries through which they ultimately retreat. The exceptions are Spain and

Portugal, where vast stocks of sherry and port must have been accumulating for a long time. Nineteen-thirty-five saw the last port vintage shipped to this country. On the other hand, the Americans have been buying quantities of fortified wines from Spain and Portugal to eke out their own dwindling stocks of gin and whisky.

Incidentally, American wines, mostly grown in California, are said to be improving fast, and friends of mine back from the United States say that some of them compare very favourably with ordinary French table wines.

There seems no good reason why Vodka and Kummel should not come to this country in considerable quantities after the war, but the position of Holland, which had earned the reputation of being able to distil liqueurs, naturally depends on the course of the war. Curacao, cherry brandy and creme de menthe of Dutch origin were all excellent. Swiss wines have never travelled really successfully, so Switzerland's neutrality will only benefit people who travel there after the war.

What about German wines? After the last war the British rapidly forgot their animosity and imported large quantities of Rhine and Moselle wines, particularly the famous 1921 vintage. I am told, however, that English shippers of pre-war German wines feel that after this war memories will be longer, and there may be a positive boycott of German wines, if only to prevent English currency being used by Hitler's successors to build up another war machine. At least one of these English firms is acquiring agencies for South African wines.

There is no doubt that Empire wines and spirits from South Africa

and Australia will have a marvellous chance after the war. If Hitler has done nothing else, he has brought the Empire closer together than ever before, and if the Government decides to make the preferential treatment of Empire wines and spirits even more preferential than before, Australian and South African wine-growers have a very rosy future. The only danger is that the Australian shippers should repeat their mistake after the last war and dump over here any wine, however green. It is a fact that vast quantities of South African brandy shipped over here just after the last war had to be used for motor spirit. As for some of the Empire wines, they were of such poor quality that they gave such a bad name to the products of the Australian and South African vineyards that it has only been in the past four or five years that the British public, with the best will in the world, could bring themselves to try them out again. (Van der Humm was one of the very few Empire products which enjoyed a real popularity in this country.) Since then the South African wine farmers, as they call themselves, have had the sense to form a strong association which aims at raising the standard quality of all their wines and spirits.

Recently I have tasted South African sherries which were excellent and South African brandy which also was exceedingly drinkable. Their hock types and burgundy and claret types are also improving fast. Some of the Australian burgundies are good sound table wines. I have never tried Australian sherry, but a friend of mine in Australia has sent me a list of four or five firms which, in his opinion, supply excellent sherries, rieslings, vermouth and burgundy. Australian rum is a trifle fiery, but some of the Australian sauternes (if you like sauternes, which I do not) are first-class. A sample shipment of Tasmanian liqueurs has just arrived in this country. If the verdict is satisfactory, they will make a bold bid for popularity. As time goes on, no doubt the Australian and South African wine-growers will have ac-

quired enough money to be able to nominate vintages like the wine-growers of France and Germany.

Speaking generally, it looks as though South Africa and Australia will have a splendid chance of making their wines a habit with the British during the next ten years, and that if they avoid making cheap, quick profits directly after the war, they will to a large extent succeed in warding off the ultimate rivalry from France and Germany when the vineyards of those countries have been restored to their pre-war quality of production.

In the meantime, the scarcity of wood for casks, corks, and shipping facilities will have a highly retarding effect on wines and spirits from the Continent. And until the Government permits English currency to be used for private purchases abroad, there can be no question of any imports. There are, naturally, still stocks of wines and spirits which were not blitzed in the warehouses in the City and on the banks of the Thames. There is at least one big catering firm which still has huge stocks of wines, and many shippers have put away 1933 and 1934 French vintage wines until the 100 per cent. E.P.T. is reduced. The big whisky distillers, too, have large quantities of whisky, even though distillation of malts was cut to one-third in 1941 and 1942, and all distillation both of malts and grain was forbidden last year and this.

By the way, it is easy to win a bet off an unsuspecting person on the subject of gin. The bulk of gin which is now being drunk is not gin as most people know it, it is really rum—being rectified molasses spirit (with the usual additions of juniper, coriander, and so on).

It has often surprised me that here in England so little cherry brandy and sloe gin are distilled; and one would have thought that down in Devonshire or Somerset the cider people might easily have produced Calvados. Until the last few years only Drambuie could rank as a real home-made liqueur. After the outbreak of war there were various attempts at making English

Kummel. But these, apparently, soon came to an end when the supply of sugar was restricted.

The brewers have not shown much enterprise. Liqueur beer such as I have tasted at All Souls' and Queen's College, Oxford, might easily have become popular with the class of people who drank Chartreuse, Grand Marnier and Benedictine. Presumably, the cost of production did not make it worth while in peacetime; but to-day, when prices are so high all round, it ought to be worth while experimenting.

There seems little doubt that we will all be many years older before we can drink any of the wines and spirits equivalent in quality (quite apart from price) to those in the list I have given. But for those who can afford it, there should at least be good stocks of sherry and port, as well as excellent table wines from the Empire—provided always that the Government shows a little leniency to the wines and spirits trade, whose foresight has enabled us to keep cheerful through some very trying times.

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GOLFERS OLD AND NEW

By GRANTLAND RICE

Considering the fancy scoring leading golf professionals have been turning in, I asked Long Jim Barnes how he thought the golf crop of his tournament years would compare with the modern bunch. Long Jim, now the pro. at North Hempstead, has been one of our greatest players, soundest instructors, and keenest observers the game has known.

In his time he has been one of the few to win the U.S. and British Opens, as well as the P.G.A. Barnes, still a fine player, has been in the U.S.A. for over thirty years, and is more than capable of offering sound comment on the subject.

"I know the fast pace such golfers as Byron Nelson, Ben Hogan, Jug McSpaden, Sammy Snead and others have been setting," Jim said. "They are great golfers. But I still can't rate them better than the golfers of my tournament days—Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen, Gene Sarazen, Mac Smith, Tommy Armour, Harry Cooper, Bob MacDonald and many others.

"Don't forget these modern golfers have several advantages. The steel shaft and the longer-riding ball have been quite a help. And the dynamiter or blaster they are using in the sand to-day saves a stroke or two every round. It used to be that a sand trap meant trouble. Not to-day. Many of the leading stars expect to plant the ball close to the pin from almost any type of trap. They simply let the club play the shot.

Good Lies and Bad.

"Then don't forget the courses. In the old days we used to feel lucky if we had a good lie on the fairway in many tournaments. Now pros. feel unlucky if they ever get a bad lie.

"There is still another angle," Barnes continued. "When the older crop was playing, we nearly always had hard, unwatered greens to hit and hold. There was no chance to rap the ball up to the pin and have

it stop, as the ball stops to-day on these watered and softer greens. To-day you can play a brassie or a spoon to the middle of the green and have it stop within five or six feet. That was impossible some years ago.

"I'm not taking any credit from the star golfers of to-day. Many of them are brilliant. But they couldn't have made any such scores on the courses we had to tackle, where par was considered good enough to win. You may recall how Bobby Jones went for his pars and was content to finish a par round. It's different now."

"No one can tell me," Jim said, "that the Harry Vardon of forty or fifty years ago couldn't have scored with any golfer playing to-day. Why not? He had every shot in the bag of golf. Bobby Jones and Walter Hagen and Gene Sarazen were winning championships with scores of 290 to 300. Playing under all the improved scoring conditions of to-day these men, also, would have been scoring well under par. They would be just as hard to beat to-day as they were in their prime."

Clubs Not Trumps.

It was Jim Barnes who first predicted that Bobby Jones would be the greatest golfer of them all when many others thought his fiery temperament would wreck his chances to reach the top.

"Even as a kid of thirteen and fourteen," Barnes rambled on, "Bobby was only content with perfection. If the average good golfer planted the ball fifteen feet from the cup, he was more than satisfied. Not Bobby. His only target was the pin. Fifteen feet away meant a poor shot for him and he expressed his disappointment in himself in rather violent club-throwing ways. He was still a great kid, a great golfer and a great competitor. He was only sore at himself.

"One of the hardest men to beat? I'd say Hagen. For Walter might be all over the course and yet beat par. You'd be down the middle and Walter would be in trouble. Just as you were sure you had the hole won, you'd see his recovery flop about five feet away from the cup. Or he'd ram in a forty foot putt—then grin at you. There was a great competitor. So was Gene Sarazen, especially when Gene had a hunch or was ready to go.

"To-day? I'd say that Byron Nelson is the best all-round golfer we have when you figure every club in the bag—off the tee—the long iron—the short approach—and the putting green. Plus a winning determination. Byron is one of the best fellows golf ever knew, a hard, grim battler but a sportsman in every way. There isn't a shot he can't play well. I'd say that Jug McSpaden has improved more than any of the others. Jug was always good, but not always consistent. Now he is consistent, too. This happens to be a quality any winner must have.

"The longest hitter? Jimmy Thomson, without any argument from anybody. Did you know that Jimmy won six long-driving contests with an average around 290 yards? And most of this was carry, which is the final proof.

"I'd like to pay full tribute to these stars of to-day, but I can't rate over Vardon, Jones, Hagen, Sarazen, Armour, Mac Smith, Willie Macfarlane, Cooper and several others, not overlooking Jack McDermott. They could play a little golf, also, and they didn't need so many clubs. I started golf with one club. So I learned how to play many different strokes with this club. So did others. How often do you see a half iron played to-day? Very rarely. But it's still just as great a game and we'll see some great golf played—something to look at."

CRITICS ON THE NOSE

Some Real Horse Laughs

Best test of a sense of humour is the ability to laugh at oneself.

The following is commended to all racing critics, official and unofficial. The writer, John Lardner, provides some shrewd and delightful thrusts, hard to parry.

Professional racing critics, like the horses whose blood lines they recite to their children to put the nippers to sleep, are delicately nerved and highly bred and inclined to be somewhat impatient in a graceful way. As you know, there is no prettier sight in the world than a thoroughbred horse letting fly with a fiery hoof and kicking some groom or visitor in the stomach. Horse experts are much the same—refined but dangerous.

I have always been scared to set foot in a racing press box, especially since the time another outsider in our profession, Mr. Rufus Stanley Woodward, a humble pig-farmer from New Jersey, was put in his place by a blood-line reciter.

Mr. Woodward had spoken irreverently of the Sports of Kings (for that matter, kings to deuces, inclusive). His gaucherie did not pass unnoticed in the blood-line set. Mr. Nelson Dunstan, an expert, highly bred and very possibly imp. (imported), pointed out the flaw in Mr. Woodward's breeding and character.

"I have seen the fellow," said Mr. Dunstan. "Not only is he ignorant of the thoroughbred, but he scattered peanut shells all over the floor of the press box."

Nothing remained to be said. Mr. Woodward was chilled in the paddock and cut dead in the enclosure by all the best people in racing from Mrs. Whitney to Don Meade.

Personally, I always swallow the shells of my peanuts rather than be caught in such an offence against the racing spirit, but I am afraid that in a race-track press box some of my other mannerisms, such as picking my teeth with the corner of Jack's green card or collecting torn mutuel

tickets and piecing them together with library paste, would betray my lack of background.

Right now I am in a state of deep sympathy with the horse experts, though too diffident to go into the press box and tell the boys how I feel. Their patience is being sorely tried. There is no such thing as a true favourite. Thanks to the soulless parimutuel machine, it is possible to-day for people who don't know the difference between a pasture and a fetlock to go up to a betting window and raise h——l with form.

In the old aristocratic days of public bookmaking, form held true, except in the case of boat races or fixes, which are part of the standard culture of the game. To-day the favourite is apt to be some plug whose name, number, or rider appeals to the public, while the true favourite is second, third, or fourth choice, overlooked in the betting. To make matters worse, the true favourite is often overlooked at the finish as well, and comes in second, third or fourth.

Professional horse critics are divided into two classes: those who pick winners and those who, like Mr. Dunstan, do not. Even those who do not, however, are always trying to, and form is a thing very close to the hearts of the blood-line experts.

Theoretically, favourites should win 40 to 50 per cent. of the time. If the percentage falls lower, it is because the public does not know a favourite when it sees one and gives its play to some milk waggon-puller. If the percentage holds up, it's because the wrong favourites won.

Either way, the result is anguish to the professional expert.

Form had been rather poor at the asphalt corral known as Aqueduct lately, but one day I was pleased to note from a headline that favourites had won four of the eight races. That is a pretty respectable percentage, and I was feeling better about the whole thing until I perceived,

from further study, that all but one of the favourites were the wrong horses entirely, not true favourites by the form, but strictly from angora goat sales. The public, as usual, had gone astray.

When four favorites win, you expect to see the professional handicappers' boxscore bristling with reports of success the next morning. Yet my reading revealed that out of five experts, four had picked one winner only. The other had two, thanks to a visitation from the occult world in the form of a long shot.

At this rate, Mr. Rufus Stanley Woodward, with his peanuts, will become a welcome guest in the press box, so long as he passes the bag around.

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Fives the Field – Bar None

With the abolition of steeplechasing in Sydney local race-goers have missed a lot of fun and other diversions.

Just how much we miss is shown by the following series of incidents in the recent Wanganui Steeplechase in New Zealand.

Five horses started, all made varying degrees of mistakes, riders changed horses, and the winning margin was "two minutes."

First of all, Anglo-Irish fell at the initial obstacle and, getting to his feet smartly, cantered away, leaving Jockey A. R. Beale a long way from home. At the next fence, an awkward live brush, Opaltown had a spectacular fall and dropped his rider, E. Deslandes. This left Last Match, Malacca and Idle Hour in the contest.

The trio continued for a round without incident until again reaching

the live fence, where Malacca jumped across it and collided with Last Match, nearly knocking him over. With six furlongs to go, Malacca was showing signs of distress and only scrambling over the fences. . . . Meanwhile Opaltown had been remounted and was giving a perfect imitation of a day in the hunting field, taking his fences sedately and carefully.

The race looked likely to provide a keen finish between Idle Hour and Last Match as the pair raced for the third to last jump, and then spectators had a good three minutes of alternating wonderment, amusement and cheers. Last Match caused the divertissement. He hit the fence, a log one, and fell, and Idle Hour, unable to avoid him, fell over the top of him, both horses galloping away. N. Wooding, rider of Idle Hour, was incapacitated.

Along came Malacca, who scrambled over this obstacle, and

came to the big live fence, where he pulled right up and would not jump. He was tried twice more, but failed to rise and his rider wisely refrained from further attempts. This gave Opaltown his chance, and he came along to negotiate the remaining fences and get a winning decision amidst ironical cheering.

Then came more thrills. Beale, unable to catch Anglo-Irish, transferred his attention to Idle Hour, who had pulled up in a corner about a furlong away. He caught and mounted the horse, and also secured Last Match, whom he led back to where W. Stevens, the rider, was waiting. Beale then set out for the judge and arrived at the finish some distance ahead of Last Match, but, unfortunately, he weighed in 3½ lb. light and was disqualified for second place, the position going to Last Match.

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BOXING GLIMPSES

By THE CLUB MAN

A boxing manager who cannot start an argument before a fight, as a publicity stunt, deserves to be a bottle-holder or towel-slinger. That is apart from the fact that some managers should be towel-slingers and some towel-slingers should be managers. Incidentally, some boxers should be bottle-holders. I reserve what I have to say about some referees and some promoters. Words fail me when I think of some coaches and some trainers.

* * *

My observations lead me to believe that the best man in the boxing game, regarded as entertainment-promoter and profit-producer, never enters the ring. I refer to the matchmaker. He makes or breaks the show. If he is a great matchmaker—as was Pat McHugh during his reign at Leichhardt Stadium—he does not necessarily require first-class material to produce first-class bouts. Among the worst contests in my memory have been between toplineers.

The art of matchmaking—and it is an art—is to line up fighters whose individual styles are dissimilar. That is basically. There are other signs that the gifted promoter will detect and which are not apparent to the average person. What the game needs paramountly is the matchmaker—and his tribe are as rare as the

Trumpers and the Messengers of other games.

* * *

In my many years as a regular spectator—a good number of them as a scribe—I was never drawn into a ringside argument on the referee's verdict. If I believed it wrong I wrote so, but always keeping in mind that the referee might have been right. There had been times when I found my judgment at variance with the verdict of the referee, and the majority of the crowd. Many times I have sat between first-class judges and, in the case of a draw having been declared by the referee, or a close decision awarded to A as against B—those judges have differed, and materially.

* * *

Here are examples of how boxing writers differ, quoted from reports of a recent match:

"Having his first fight for 10½ months, Hockey Bennell (10.6½) did not punch with great precision against Stan Wilkes (10.1) last night at Leichhardt. Despite this, Bennell was too classy, and won well on points."—"Daily Mirror."

"A big section of a 5,000 crowd at Leichhardt last night wildly hooted a points decision in favour of Hockey Bennell against Stan Wilkes. The referee, Mr. Les Pearson, erred.

I think that Wilkes won by a decisive margin of points."—"Daily Telegraph."

Some referees favour the boxer, others the fighter, provided the latter has qualities as a boxer. I think Joe Wallis right when he favours the man who makes the fight, taking other things into consideration. Defence for the sake of defence alone should not amass points as against offence. To score, defence must be correlated to offence.

* * *

Charlie Lucas gave this opinion recently: "Weighing-in at 2 p.m. was introduced to prevent boxers from being disabled or killed."

Oh, oh!—Is there a doctor in the house?

Weighing-in at 2 p.m. was imported from America, whose boxing world is a place of weird innovations, of shrewd shifts and, often, of more than a little nonsense.

Weighing at 2 p.m. can have only one purpose as a general rule—to permit the near-middleweight to fight the true welterweight for the welterweight championship. And so with the other divisions. The fighter challenging or defending, say, the welterweight championship, who is unable to make the welter limit at ringside weighing should be declared unqualified. Otherwise I think it a mean business—while, of course, in the case of Charlie Lucas and of others, crediting him and them with not unsporting motives.

RACING FIXTURES—1944

AUGUST.

Ascot	Saturday, 5th
Moorefield	Saturday, 12th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 19th
Sydney Turf Club (Randwick)	Saturday, 26th

SEPTEMBER.

Red Cross Race Meeting (at Randwick)	Saturday, 2nd
Canterbury	Saturday, 9th
Tattersall's	Saturday, 16th
Rosehill	Saturday, 23rd
Hawkesbury	Saturday, 30th

OCTOBER.

A.J.C. (Spring Meeting)	Saturday, 7th
A.J.C. (Spring Meeting)	Saturday, 14th

October—(Continued).

A.J.C. (Spring Meeting)	Saturday, 21st
City Tattersall's	Saturday, 28th

NOVEMBER.

Rosehill	Saturday, 4th
Victoria Park	Saturday, 11th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 18th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 25th

DECEMBER.

Moorefield	Saturday, 2nd
Canterbury	Saturday, 9th
Ascot	Saturday, 16th
A.J.C. (Summer Meeting)	Saturday, 23rd
A.J.C. (Summer Meeting)	Tuesday, 26th
Tattersall's	Saturday, 30th

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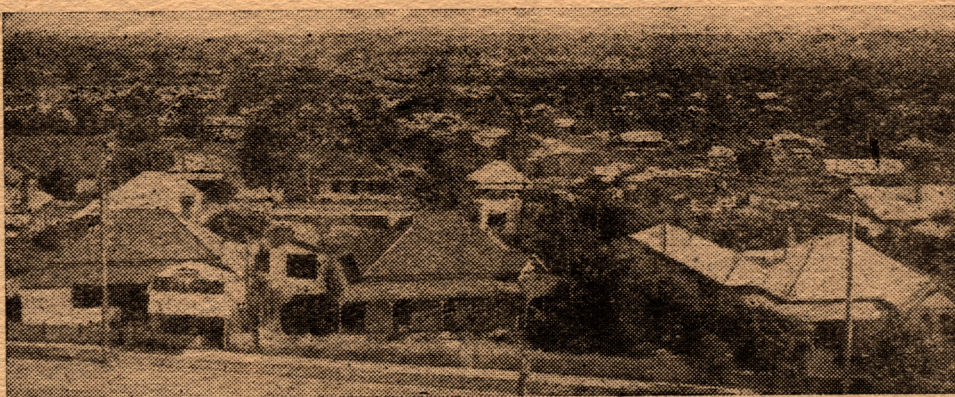
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TAREE

*"'Tis there where the green and the gold is
Secure from the storms and the sea,
Where never a white winter's cold is
The beautiful, quiet Taree."*

So wrote Henry Kendall—Australia's "Singer of the Dawn"—of Taree.

UP in the hilly country which divides the counties of Gloucester and Macquarie, rises the Manning River—to flow about one hundred miles almost due east, passing through the towns of Wingham, Tinonee, Cundletown and Taree, to the coast.

Taree, on the northern bank of the Manning, is 248 miles from Sydney, and with an average rainfall of 50 inches, has a climate which can be truly described as salubrious.

Matthew Flinders, whilst completing the first circumnavigation of Australia in 1801, noted the mouth of the Manning River, which is about 20 miles from the Taree of to-day. For many years, however, the aborigines remained in undisputed sovereignty of the area and carried out their rites and ceremonies, one of which was the "Man-Making Ceremony" by means of which boys belonging to a tribe were initiated into manhood. Upon reaching this stage each "man" received a "cobra" stone, these being long crystals of quartz, and the main "cobra" ground in the Taree district was at Stoney Creek.

Until almost 1830 the district remained inviolate to the blackfellows, except for the intrepid timber-getters, who braved many dangers, the least of which was by no means attacks from hostile natives, for the profitable venture of cedar cutting.

One could not name these men as pioneers for they stayed in one place only long enough to clear it of marketable timber, then moved on, leaving behind them a legacy of hatred from the blacks from which the first real settlers often collected a dividend.

The first actual settlement of any sort between Port Stephens and the Manning River was composed of a military guard established on the coastline to intercept any escaped convicts from Port Macquarie attempting to get through to Port Newcastle.

The first real settler on the banks of the Manning River—which by the way was named in honour of a Director of the Australian Agricultural Company—was Lieutenant William Wynter, Royal Navy retired, who was Crown Lands Commissioner and Magistrate at Port Macquarie.

Lieutenant Wynter selected a site of land on the northern banks of the river and in 1831 brought his family to his holding whilst he himself divided his time between there and Port Macquarie.

The aboriginal name for the district—Taree—meaning, the fruit of a rough-leaved fig tree, native to the Manning, was retained by Lieutenant Wynter who liked the name. In course of time a Mr. Henry Flett received the land in marriage of Miss Mary Wynter and he later purchased the original land grant from his father-in-law.

Thenceforward Henry Flett devoted his life to the improvement of Taree and the welfare of his tenants. He was the first to undertake scientific draining in the Manning district and he inaugurated one of the earliest instances of share-farming.

This worthy pioneer also laid out the township and named the streets—Poultney Street was named after his home town in Scotland—and in the first and fourth Parliaments under responsible government in New South Wales, Henry Flett represented his district.

He can well be named as the real founder of Taree, but on his death, Taree estate was sold, and except for a few farms, passed out of the hands of the Flett family.

The descendants of Lieutenant Wynter were always well to the fore in Taree and another of the early families claimed descent from Joseph Andrews, a Schoolmaster from Scotland, brought out to Australia in 1837 for the Australian College, by the Rev. John Dunmore Lang.

An early experiment in cotton-growing was conducted about 1850 by James Atchison which created a good deal of discussion along the river. Samples of the cotton sent to England caused a sensation among brokers and resulted in offers of a ready sale for all the growers could send.

At this time the only road was a bridle track by way of Raymond Terrace, Stroud and Gloucester, and thence by the ship, "Spout" to Taree.

Somewhere in the early 60's the first newspaper was published in the district by Horace Dean and in 1866 a disastrous flood occurred, hundreds of people being forced to flee for their lives. With the subsiding of the waters, however, our sturdy pioneer forefathers resolutely set to work and all that the flood had carried away was rebuilt and improved upon in the doing.

The Manning River Times was established in 1869 and has continued to the present day.

Henry Kendall lived for some time at Cundletown, and whilst in residence there wrote his lovely verse about Taree, portion of which has been quoted in this brief history.

Municipal Government came to Taree as early as 1885. At this time Taree was noted more particularly for the production of maize and timber, but with the turn of the century, dairying became established, and after the introduction of this industry, Taree moved ahead very rapidly.

Better transport facilities and the opening of the railway in 1913 all added to definite progress.

Another disastrous flood occur-

red in 1929, in which, unhappily, several lives were lost, but although great damage was done, such is the virility of the people along the Manning River, that they soon swept outside this obstacle in the forward path.

Dairying and closer settlement has done much for Taree and this area now supports thousands of cattle, horses and pigs. Principal crops include fodder materials, lucerne, maize and oats and the butter production, in normal times, runs into more than four million pounds annually!

As a tourist resort Taree offers much, for the district abounds in beauty spots, including the famous Ellenborough Falls—a plunge of 700 feet into a valley of luxuriant, tropical vegetation. Sea-side and fishing resorts at Old Bar, Tuncurry, Forster and Harrington are all picturesque and of easy access.

Taree's commercial importance is considerable—the streets are wide and planted with shade trees and the town is pleasant and up to date. Good hotels accommodate visitors and the climate is excellent, and the river offers splendid opportunities for boating and fishing.

Public and Municipal Institutions—schools, banks, hospitals, shire and municipal councils etc., are all established in Taree—a town and district for which the post-war years hold brilliant promise of further development.

And so shall the "beautiful, quiet Taree," by means of primary wealth, and the progress which the hand of man has wrought, play her part and do her share in the food production of the future which must so essentially provide one of the main factors in winning the peace.



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